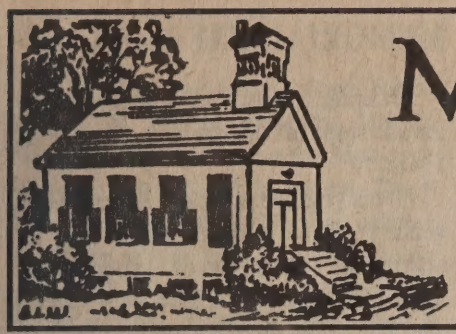

MONTEREY NEWS

MAY 1995

THE TOWN

MAGGIE LEONARD

The Annual Town Meeting will be held on Saturday, May 7, at the Monterey Firehouse, 9 a.m. Please note that the meeting starts an hour earlier than in previous years.

The Select Board commented that the budget is, once again, very tight.

The largest expenditure to come before the Town appears in Article 10, to see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate the sum of $263,000 for the purchase of a new fire truck and other fire-fighting equipment. A second round of bids on the truck was reviewed at the meeting of the Select Board on April 24. Fire Chief Ray Tryon will make his presentation at the Annual Town Meeting. In addition to voting on the appropriation, citizens will be asked for feedback on various methods for financing the project.

According to the Select Board, the Town's insurance carrier assesses any municipal insured at a higher rate when its attack truck (the principal piece of fire-fighting equipment) is more than twenty years old. Monterey's attack truck was purchased in 1976.

The Southern Berkshire Regional School District (SBRSD) is requesting that $552,524 be appropriated by the Town for Operating Costs for fiscal year 1996. This sum is a $72,842 increase over last year's budget, and Select Board member Stefan Grotz expressed "deep concern about the school's expenditures." Both Grotz and Select Board chair Peter Brown stated that, following last year's major increase in operating costs, they believed that Superintendent of Schools Thomas Consolati had verbally agreed to strive to level-fund the SBRSD. Members of the Select Board have been out of town recently, and expressed both dismay at the increase and a desire to become better informed regarding the details of the requested appropriation.

Glen Heller, present at the April 24 Select Board meeting, asked if the Town could leave the SBRSD, and also inquired whether other member Towns are unhappy with the recent rise in expenditures. The Board responded that the Sheffield Select Board is also concerned about rising costs, and stated that they don't know what process might lead to seceding from the School District.

Article 15 is a request from the Solid Waste Committee for the appropriation of $3000 for the Town's share in a regional collection of household hazardous waste to be coordinated by the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste Management District (SBSWMD). As explained in last month's issue of the *Monterey News*, the cost of collecting household hazardous waste is not covered in the budget of the SBSWMD, and each member town must raise its own share of the cost. The price for first-time collection has been set at $100 per car, or $3 per resident. Thus the $3000 appropriation would be enough to accept thirty cars.

The Select Board has put forth an article (Article 16) to see if the Town will raise and appropriate $20,000 for improvements to the Town Hall. The same amount was requested last year (FY 1995). Select Board Chair Peter Brown said that all the money appropriated last year has not been spent, and that the Select Board has consulted local architect Gerry Shapiro for advice on compil-

ing a comprehensive list of necessary repairs. Brown said the Board does not want to incur additional costs due to poor planning. Scheduled improvements include drainage for the basement, insulation of walls and ceiling, a handicapped access ramp to the second floor, and renovation of the interior stairway to the basement level.

Other items on the Warrant for the Annual Town Meeting include Article 19, establishing a Non-Criminal Disposition Bylaw, with procedures for issuing citation-like fines for both Town and Zoning Bylaw violations, instead of taking violators to District Court; a request for $6000 from the Library Trustees (Article 13) to construct a handicapped access ramp to meet the requirements of the Americans with Disabilities Act; and Article 18, to see if the Town will vote to change the composition and voting of the School Committee based on the most recent official town census.

Citizen-activist Glen Heller attended the April 24 meeting of the Select Board to inquire about land adjacent to the Town Beach that he alleges is being used as private property, and which, he believes, is not the property of the users. When asked about the situation, Select Board member Stefan Grotz responded that he had done many hours of research on the property dispute, and could find no evidence that Heller was correct in his allegations, and furthermore stated that he will not participate in inappropriate harassment of a local citizen. In a later phone conversation Heller complained that the Select Board have been ignoring this issue for at least four years since he initiated his complaint, and noted that this forces him to become an agitator. Heller stated that "The proper thing for a citizen to do with a situation like this is to go to the Board of Selectmen." He noted that several years ago the Select Board requested a survey by the County Commissioners. Although the survey found no property violations, Heller remains unconvinced and unsatisfied.

— Maggie Leonard

With this story, Maggie Leonard retires from her job reporting on local politics for the Monterey News. *She has earned the gratitude of readers, her present editor, and three past editors for doing a fine job over too many years to count. We will miss her experience as well as her dedication to doing her best on principle, not for money, praise, or fun. May her newly liberated time be happily spent watching funny movies and reading page-turner books at a comfortable remove from the passions of the local political scene.*

— Peter Murkett

MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

Monterey's Annual Memorial Day Parade steps off on Monday, May 29, at 1 p.m.

This year we mark the fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II, making our celebration of the end of that war and all other conflicts a very special one. We ask again that veterans march in the parade, especially participants in the Korean and Viet Nam conflicts.

Please contact parade coordinator Gige O'Connell (528-1564) if you want to participate in this occasion, of which Monterey is very proud. We would also like to express our gratitude to those who have joined us in the past—thank you! Come out again.

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8th grader looking for a full-time summer job. Will consider anything, but would especially like a babysitting/mother's helper job. Please call Lucy at (413) 528-9380 or leave a message.

TOWN MEETING

The Monterey Annual Town Meeting will be held on Saturday, May 6, 1995, starting at 9 a.m. in the Monterey firehouse, Main Road, Monterey. The 9 a.m. start is an hour earlier than usual.

There will be informational session prior to the Annual Town Meeting on Friday evening, April 28, 1995, from 7 p.m. at the Monterey firehouse.

LAKE GARFIELD ASSOCIATION

Thank you, thank you, thank you! to the forty-five families that sent contributions to help cover the Lake Garfield Association share of the matching grant expense. The study is complete, the report has been received, and you can read a synopsis prepared by Pat Edelstein on page eight of this issue of the *News*.

The first meeting of the season for the LGA will be held on Saturday, June 24, 10 a.m. in the firehouse. The agenda includes discussion of weevils, Chapter 91, brightly colored bathing caps, Title 5, official boating regulation signs, the Massachusetts Water Watch partnership, summer interns, the results and recommendations from the grant study, and (most likely) weeds.

Anyone interested in the welfare of Lake Garfield is welcome to attend. A family membership is $20 a year, to the Lake Garfield Association, Box 474, Monterey, MA 10245.

— Muriel Lazzarini

PARKS COMMISSION NOTES

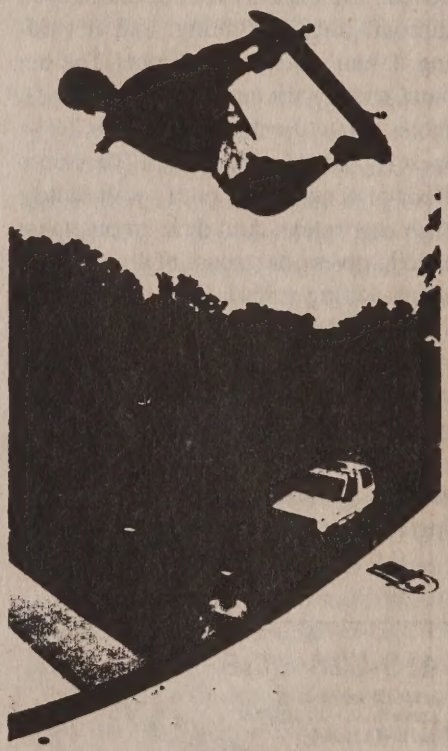
The squeals of laughter are again filtering through town from Greene Park as Monterey kids begin the new playground season. The infant swing seat is on the way for toddlers, and a new sandbox will soon be built.

The Monterey Yankees have begun practicing under new coach Jim Edelman and assistant Bob Bourque. Ed Briggs has assumed the role of President of Kiwanis Little League. It looks like a strong team this year! The field will soon be brought to prime condition. Mass Electric (thanks, Sherman Powell!) is donating utility poles which will be installed behind the backstop to support a net for added protection (of the new playground, especially) against errant home runs. Our new portable bleachers (they will move to the skating rink in winter) are on the way, and their placement is under discussion, as well as ideas for a dugout.

The Parks Commission is currently reviewing plans for a rollerblade and skateboard half-pipe to address the playground needs of the older kids (and, yes, younger adults) for some exciting, athletic fun. We have a design from Ramptech, Falls Church, Virginia, represented in the photo at right; it has six-foot-high end platforms, is sixteen feet wide and thirty-eight feet long. It is not a toy, but a serious sports venue. We need input from the community on this project and request that anyone with an opinion contact us. We will discuss the matter at our next meeting, on Thursday, May 4 at 7 p.m. in the Town Hall. Skate on down!

We are currently reviewing applications for lifeguards, and focusing on beach activities. We will also be seeking bids on the mowing contract for the next fiscal year.

— Tom Rosenthal
Mick Burns
Jim Thomas



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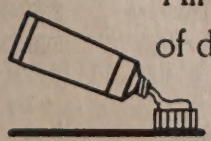
Dentist



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REFLECTIONS ON A RECENT MOVE FROM THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

Moving produces its own emotional reverberations. It is easy to believe that the physical "get up and going" (and I have done a lot of that in my lifetime) produces the more serious upset. I have spent days looking over rooms full of unopened, partially unpacked, and empty boxes. The disarray has, at times, been discouraging, frustrating, and rewarding. Usually all three at once! The big stuff, namely, the furniture—chairs, sofa, tables, lamps, bookcases, bureaus, TV—is easily moved and arranged. The house floor plan and walls pretty well dictate their placement. And their arrangement readily gives one a sense of accomplishment, getting settled.

But I have learned, with this move particularly, that it is not the obvious that provides the greatest sense of being settled. Rather, it is the seemingly insignificant items that make the bigger difference—pictures and photos and hangings; stones and shells collected from sea and lakeshores; plants and candles. Although smaller than most furniture (with the exception of some indoor plants that border on forest shrubbery), they harbor some of the most powerful emotions of personal life. They contain the power of suggestion. And with them comes a sense of who I am, identity. People and relationships. Places and experiences. Objects and memories. And I am once again reminded of the fundamental and oft-forgotten truth that these so-called small items of my life are far and away more significant than their size might suggest. And I think to myself—how much of the seemingly insignificant that has happened in my life has created more change than the movers and their vans. It is the message of Easter—the commonplace intersected (intercepted?) by the holy. And, again, we are reminded that God's love embraces us whatever the circumstances of our lives. So as I hang pictures and place candles, stones, plants, and other so-called insignificant memorabilia about the house, I acknowledge and am grateful for the reminder of the holy in the commonplace of my life.

— Keith Snow

BERKSHIRE LYRIC THEATRE TO SING BACH MASS

Robert Blafield, founder and longtime artistic director of The Berkshire Lyric Theatre, will direct J. S. Bach's Mass in B Minor on Saturday, May 6, at 8 p.m., and on Sunday, May 7, at 4 p.m.

The Saturday performance will take place at the First Methodist Church on Fenn Street in Pittsfield, while the Sunday performance is set for St. James Church in Great Barrington.

Soloists are Laura Frank, soprano; Mary Westbrook-Geha, mezzo-soprano; Richard Miller, tenor; and Jack Brown, bass. The soloists will be accompanied by a twenty-five-piece orchestra and a chorus of seventy-five singers from throughout Berkshire County and neighboring Rensselaer County. Chorus members from Monterey include Mari Makuc and Wayne Burkhart, and many others from surrounding South County towns.

Tickets cost $15; on Saturday only, prepaid groups of ten or more will receive a discount of $3 per ticket. Call 413-243-2658 for tickets or information.

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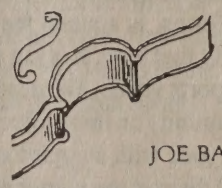

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Bob Emmel (Clerk, Trustee)	528-1321
Tom O'Brien (Trustee)	269-7471
Judy Hayes (Worship)	528-1874

With a prayer request or to join the Prayer Chain:

MaryKate Jordan	528-5557
Mary or Ray Ward	528-9243
Judy Hayes	528-1874

LIBRARY TO HOST SPECIAL READING DISCUSSION SERIES

The Monterey Library is fortunate to have been chosen as one of eighty sites in Maine, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire selected by the three state humanities councils to host a special series of reading and discussion groups that have been specially developed for the five hundredth anniversary of Columbus' voyages to the Americas. The program is now in its second year, and has received an enthusiastic response from participants and sponsors.

Entitled "Different People, Different Places: Native Americans, Europeans, and the Environments They Created," the five-part program examines the forces that have shaped America by focusing on interactions between Native American and European American cultures over the past 500 years, and the role of differing attitudes toward the natural environment in those cultural struggles.

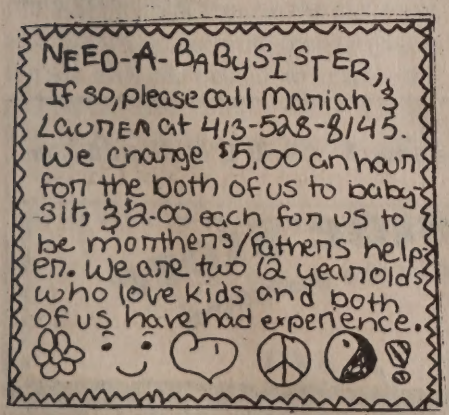
The program will consist of five sessions, beginning on Monday, May 1, 7 p.m. at the Monterey Library, and continuing the next Monday, May 8, then every two weeks after that. The program is open to the public free of charge, but participation is limited to the first twenty-five registrants.

The series begins with *The Four Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, and concludes with Leslie Marmon Silko's *Storyteller*. Also included are *The Broken Spears: The Aztec Account of the Conquest of Mexico*, Cabeza de Vaca's fascinating *Adventures in the Unknown Interior of America*, and William Wood's 1634 *New England Prospect*.

Those who register should be prepared to make a commitment to the full series. The books are being provided through the Massachusetts Foundation for the Humanities, and are loaned to the first twenty-five registered participants through the Monterey Library.

Each two-hour session will begin with a brief presentation by a specially trained humanities scholar, teacher, or writer, who will then lead the discussion. The scholars include historians, anthropologists, literature scholars and specialists in American, Latin American, and Native American studies drawn from New England cultural institutions and colleges.

"Different People, Different Places" theme brochures describing the program in more detail are available at the Monterey Library. For more information, or to register, call the library at 528-3795. We want to see you there!


NEED-A-BABYSITTER,
If so, please call Mariah & Lauren at 413-528-8145.
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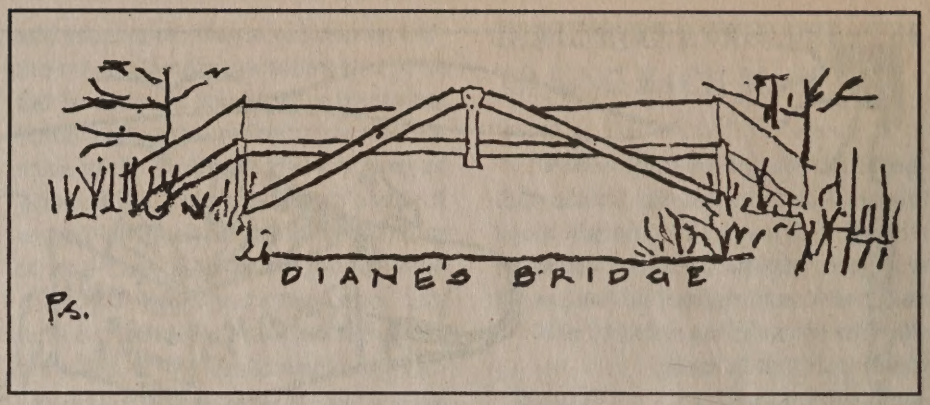
WONDERFUL WIZARD AT MONUMENT

If you were lucky enough to get a seat for Monument Mountain High School's production of *The Wizard of Oz* (April 7-9), you know that this year was no exception to Monument's impressive record of fine theater productions.

One advantage to performing a story as popular as L. Frank Baum's *Wizard* is its appeal to the general public. The turnout was unprecedented: three of the four shows were sold out, with a near-capacity crowd attending the newly added Saturday matinee. Such a well-known favorite also challenges the cast and crew to tell the familiar story the audience expects to hear without being totally predictable. Monument's production had the perfect blend of duplication and creativity. The main characters looked and sounded as if they had just walked off the television screen, giving the audience all their favorite lines. But witty crows, dancing poppies, and glittering jitterbugs, all in original homemade costumes, offered new interpretation and fresh humor. As usual, the set and scenery were fantastic, and the stage crew managed even the most difficult stunts of skywriting and melting witches.

Congratulations to all, and special congratulations to Monterey residents Yogen Kushi (Scarecrow and scenery), Carey Leining (scenery), and Josh Aerie (orchestra) for a wonderful job.

— Mari Makuc



A TRAIL AND A BRIDGE — IN MEMORIAM

Diane Rausch, wife of Bob Rausch, died in the winter of 1992. Here at Gould Farm she slipped in and out of our days leaving her gifts on the doorsills of our hearts. The order of her small person was reassuring. She was gentle when she touched stones or spoke to the children. She walked lightly along lakes and across snow. Bob, who loved her best, has enabled the extended Farm family to share in building her memorial here at the Farm. The Diane Rausch Memorial Bridge spans Rawson Brook between the woods and Curtis Road in a corner of the northeast pasture. The memorial trail completes a circuit off the East Boundary Trail, and is marked with a plaque.

Jon Greene, currently serving on our Board of Directors, designed the bridge and provided much of the construction expertise. Many, many hands mixed the cement, and sawed and laid timbers. The response from those invited to contribute funds for this project was overwhelming, and a touching reminder that it is within a community of loving people that we fulfill our mission. In that community every slight, quiet one of us contributes and counts.

You are invited to a Trail and Bridge Dedication in loving memory of Diane Louise Rausch on Saturday, June 17, 1995, at 1:30 p.m. Please park along Curtis Road as marked. Services will be led by Sheldon Rothberg. Refreshments in the Living Room at Main House will follow services.

— Donna Burkhart

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BIDWELL GARDENS EXPAND

Spring is traditionally the time for tilling the soil. What better way to start the fifth season of The Bidwell House than to open new ground for the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century heirloom vegetable garden! It will feature varieties and techniques from the time period 1750 to 1855, the dates that the Bidwell family occupied the property. Later this summer you can stroll through rows of such rarities as Nutmeg musk melons, Scarlet Horned carrots, Sweet Cherry Pimiento peppers, beautiful lettuces with exotic names like Rouge d'Hiver, Spotted Coss and Tom Thumb (a variety grown by Thomas Jefferson), ancient varieties of Native American bush and pole beans, and a few heirloom vegetables specific to Berkshire County, including a type of corn grown by the Mahican tribe of Stockbridge.

On April 12, in the cold spring mist, Steve Snyder, Phil Morrison, Dave Markwood, Jim Gallager, Steve Ginbel, and three other folks from Gould Farm spent the better half of an afternoon clearing and tilling. These devoted people have been an enormous help to this worthwhile project and to the museum. Thank you to all of them.

Next we will remove the rocks that look like whales surfacing above a churning sea, then add manure to fertilize the soil before final tilling. Finally, a fence will be built before the precious seeds and seedlings are planted.

This project is partially funded with a project support grant from the Massachusetts Cultural Council. The grant covers the research being done by intern assistant Ann Hacket-Boland, as well as production of a garden brochure. It is a matching grant whereby money from the MCC must be equaled by in-kind donations. Please phone us at The Bidwell House (528-6888) if you can offer any

time installing the fence or preparing the garden. Any help will be greatly appreciated. In-kind donations have already been provided by the Conservation and Regional Exchange of Seed Savers (CRESS), which is providing the heirloom seeds, and the labor of our friends from Gould Farm.

— Anita Carroll-Weldon
Director, The Bidwell House

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Residents of Monterey now have recycling information at their fingertips, thanks to an innovative, non-profit recycling hotline, part of a statewide network dubbed E-Call, the product of a unique public-private partnership funded by local private businesses. The Monterey General Store is sponsoring Monterey's access.

Trudy Cox, Massachusetts Secretary of Environmental Affairs, says of the program, "E-Call shows what can happen when businesses join forces with environmental groups and government to help solve environmental problems that affect us all. E-Call...makes it easy for citizens to get involved—and stay involved—in their town's recycling program." She suggests that you pick up the phone and try it. We hope that you will.

— Joyce Scheffey

COUNCIL ON AGING

The week of May 14-20 is National Osteoporosis Week. Prevention is the key word in fighting osteoporosis. Follow these steps:

1. Eat foods rich in calcium.
2. Exercise regularly,
3. Stop smoking and moderate caffeine and alcohol intake.
4. Get fresh air and sunshine.

By following these recommendations you can keep your bones healthy and strong, and stay active at any age.

On Thursday, May 18, there will be a nursing foot clinic at the Monterey Town Hall, lower level, 9 a.m.–12 noon. Jane Kelly, R. N., will administer nonsurgical foot care as necessary. Please call me at 528-5994 for an appointment. The fee for this service is $20 per visit.

— Pauline Nault

LAKE GARFIELD SEEPAGE SURVEY

In October, 1994, the state Department of Environmental Management grant to the Town of Monterey was implemented.

Data was gathered by a team headed by Ken Wagner, Ph.D. The drawn down October lakeshore configuration facilitated data collection. The study, which divided the lake shoreline into ten areas, lettered A through J, provides baseline information on two important components of groundwater contribution to the lake. First, knowing the *quantity* of groundwater making its way into Lake Garfield is essential to knowing the percentage of total water input coming through the soil surrounding the lake. This has an impact in figuring Lake Garfield's water budget, that is, the seasonal balance of water going into and out of a body of water. Second, the team assessed the *quality* of that seepage in each of the ten areas. What follows attempts to make the measurement and chemistry understandable, so please bear with the writer as we make our way through the results. Lakeshore segments are identified in this report by their general geographic location; a map showing exact location may be seen at the June meeting of the Lake Garfield Association.

For quantity, the total groundwater results at the various sites ranged from 6.9 to 38.2 cubic meters per day. When translated to the usual measurement of liters per square meter of the lake itself, the values ranged from zero to 3.2 liters per square meter. Relative to other Massachusetts lakes, these figures are on the low side. The study determined that overall groundwater seepage into Lake Garfield has a relatively small influence in the lake's water budget. Our lake is comparable to two other Berkshire water bodies, Richmond Pond and Lake Mansfield. The lake's tributary brooks were not assessed for volume, since this was a groundwater study, and since volume may change with rainfall. Nonetheless, water of the two main tributaries was included in the water quality assessment.

Measurements of seepage water quality were designed to compare specific areas of similarity on the lake shore. Four samples of groundwater from temporary miniature wells were taken within each area, then combined and tested for the chemical components discussed below. This method of segment analysis provides an objective measurement of the chemical input in a given area without targeting any one property or homesite as a contributor. This is done because groundwater may find its way into the lake by roundabout paths irrespective of property lines. The method gives information showing which areas need close observation, and which do not currently warrant such attention.

The chemical components measured were those that can promote the growth of underwater plants and algae, such as phosphorus and nitrogen, which act as fertilizers. Some simplified definitions and normal limit values of chemicals and the parts they play in the condition of our lake are shown in the table on this page.

A value of soluble inorganic nitrogen (SIN) over 1.0 mg/liter indicates septic contamination. Our sample showed a high of .87 in segment A (west side of small lake) and segment C (the Point area). These are areas where a high concentration of houses and septic systems low down and close to the water are seen.

Phosphorus (as TDP) in lakes promotes growth of underwater plants and algae and reduces oxygen in the water which supports fish life cycles. It can occur naturally, and/or can enter into the water through septic system leachate or through fertilizers. Our phosphorus levels are presently within normal limits; the most elevated area is segment F on the northeast side of the lake. However, conductivity (another measure of septic input) was not elevated there.

Conductivity was highest in segments I and J on the Route 23 side, where some of the older septic systems close to the lake are found. However, there were no values high enough to be indicative of serious lake contamination.

Iron can bind phosphorus (making it less easily released) when the ratio of iron to phosphorus is greater than five parts of iron to one part of phosphorus in the presence of oxygen. About half our samples showed such a balance of iron and phosphorus. At the present time, phosphorus input seems to be under control, with the greatest concentration literally at our feet—that is, in the muck within the lake bed. The recycling of this old

CHEMICAL NORMS DEFINED

Chemical Quantity or Quality	Normal Limit Value
Soluble Inorganic Nitrogen (SIN) (Nutrient. Arrived at by measuring Nitrate and ammonium nitrogen)	<0.5 mg/liter
Total Dissolved Phosphorus (TDP) (Nutrient.)	<0.02 mg/liter
pH (A measure of acidity/alkalinity whereby 7 is neutral, values less than 7 indicate increasing acidity, and greater than 7, increasing alkalinity. Berkshire lakes tend to be naturally alkaline.)	7.0 to 8.0
Iron (FE) / Phosphorus (P) ratio (Iron binds phosphorus, reducing its release into the water.)	5 parts FE / 1 part P
Conductivity (A measure of the increase in conducitivity of water due to introduction of certain salts)	<300 µmos/cm

phosphorus into plants and back into the muck may become a problem.

To summarize:

a) There are no areas of glaring nutrient inputs at present.

b) There are areas of concern that need watching in the future.

c) Property owners who live in these areas should be highly alert to the consequences of introducing nutrients to the lake. Our lake's existing phosphorus load, from all sources, is high.

d) Our tributaries at present are clear of harmful input, although data are limited.

e) Even if all shoreline activity remains the same, the report reminds us we still have "the ghost of phosphates past." The sum total of plant, animal, and human phosphorus input over the lake's lifetime will continue to recycle into plants and muck, and will remove oxygen from deep areas of the lake.

The study provides everyone in town, the Lake Garfield Association, and the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Management a good baseline snapshot of our lake's condition. We feel we've received comprehensive, meaningful information which clarifies and builds on prior data. A post-survey conference will be held with town officials in June. Thanks to limnologist Ken Wagner of Fugro East, for his involvement with our assessments since 1990, and many thanks to all who contributed to help defray the Lake Garfield Association's share of the study.

— Patricia Edelstein

A JOYOUS SPRING EXPERIENCE

A long-time Berkshire resident or newcomer who has not visited the gallery at Michael Marcus's Joyous Spring Pottery in Monterey is in for a very special treat. Here, on Art School Road, Michael crafts and fires the unglazed Bizen pottery often used in the Japanese tea ceremony.

Imperfect, chilled, withered, and austere are some adjectives that describe the *wabi* (gift of beauty) created by Michael, the clay, and the fire. Bizen pottery brings nature into the room, which fits the idea of the tea ceremony. Bizen ware comes out of the kiln with the natural, organic effects of firing—cracks, flaws, colors, and slumps; its making reflects the way the accidental events of human life create beauty. Rough textures and imperfections make interesting tea bowls, water containers, tea caddies, and especially the flower vases used in the ceremony. All of these items are also beautifully wrought for meal table settings and home decoration.

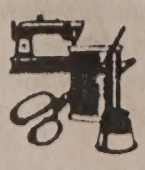
Michael brought the tea ceremony practice (*chanoyu*) from Japan in 1981 after having studied the Bizen craft and the tea ceremony at the Omote Senge School of Tea Ceremony. Bizen pottery, he says, is the natural medium for the *chanoyu* because it symbolizes the essence of the tea ceremony philosophy, which is concerned with how people interact with each other and how people interact with objects of beauty, at all times trying to achieve a higher consciousness. As a major art form of Zen Buddhism, *chanoyu*, Michael says, has changed his life in his relations with others and himself. Obviously, the change is positive, for the tea ceremony attracts many others with whom Michael shares *chanoyu*.

A small, private tea ceremony (*chakai*) will be held at Joyous Spring on May 16 to welcome tea master Yamashita Eko, his wife Akiko, and his students from Japan. They come from Koetsu-ji Temple in Kyoto, where Master Yamashita is head priest. They will be visiting Washington, D.C., New York, and Boston, but are making a special visit to Monterey in honor of Michael's pottery, which they collect in Japan, and his devotion to *chanoyu*, and also because there are many Berkshire practitioners of *chanoyu*. A demonstration tea ceremony will take place that Tuesday (May 16), starting at 1 p.m., in the Monterey United Church of Christ, and the public is invited to attend, observe, enjoy, and learn.

Michael Marcus welcomes your visit to Joyous Spring Pottery Gallery, where you will certainly add to your enjoyment of spring. You will meet him, unique Bizen art, and learn something of its dramatic and unusual firing. Truly a joyous experience.

— Jane Black

BOUTIQUE SEWING



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FIRE CHIEF LINE AMPLIFIED

Ray Tryon pointed out that, precisely speaking, he didn't succeed his father Wallace Tryon as Fire Chief, as reported in the *News* last month ("Putting Out the Fire," page 20, April issue). Wallace was Fire Chief in the thirties, followed (in order) by John Lambert, Harold Green, and Parker Harmon, before Ray became Chief in 1953.

— Peter Murkett

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

From the Keys Back to Alabama

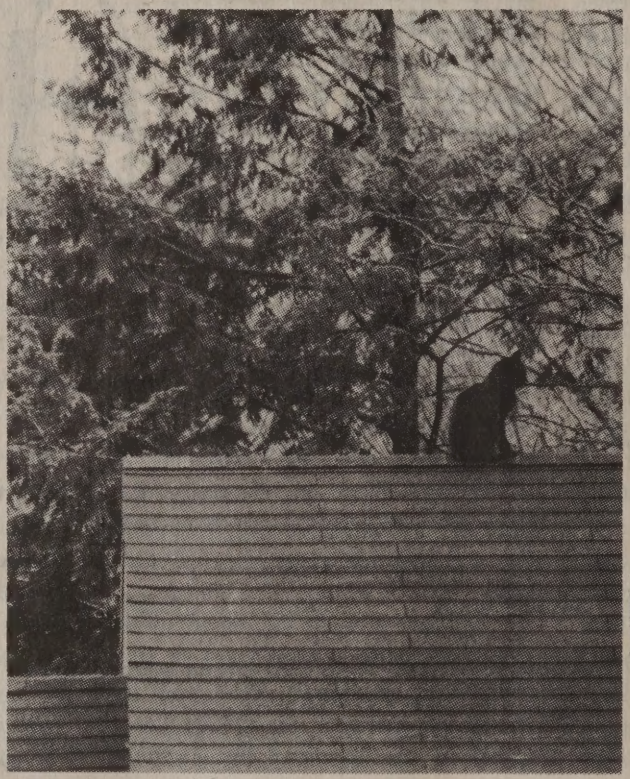
Even though you know you have to pull out next Wednesday, you go on with your life at a feverish pace, trying to fit everything in—Neil Simon's *Lost in Yonkers* at the Tennessee Williams Theatre in Key West, lunch at the Banana Bay Resort and a talk with the League of Women Voters, eggs Benedict on Sunday moring at a funny, run-down, gourmet restaurant called Pepe's in Key West (since 1909), goodbye to friends at Unity Church, to a garden behind a gallery to see the film *90 in the Shade* (shot in Key West), with drinks amidst the good-smelling and exotic tropic trees and shrubs, and always dips in the warm pool. Interposed with all these are the daily trips from trailer to my camper and car, taking clothes, dishes, pans, books, files—all the things I brought with me from Alabama, *now back* to Alabama, a super-job. I'm going to sell my trailer, so everything has to go. Why can't we do like the foot-soldiers do: just a backpack!

Down to my usual four dogs and the cat. All had to have flea baths to go into a "flea-free" camper. We set out on Wednesday, Edith doing yeoman duty the last minute helping me, Palmer hooking up my red Toyota. We were LOADED! The car looked like a tropical forest going by. (All my favorite shrubs going with me... I know, I will have to put them inside nights in Alabama until it gets warm enough!)

Stopped for blackened sea scallops at the Cracked Conch Café in Marathon. Stopped for an hour's nap on the beach outside Key Largo. Then back to the real world. I passed my usual gas station at 27 and Alligator Alley. I still wasn't empty, and I was late. After a while I thought, "You know, there's not a town for miles and miles, you know that!" So I headed east. Halfway to the Atlantic, I found gas. Then back all the way to 27, and north again. All black by then. "Relax, Joan, turn on the radio. Slow down for night driving; you are fine." Stopped after a while to walk the dogs.

I got into Moore Haven about eight-thirty: "Welcome, Joan, but you are so late. We can't park you tonight." So I hooked up to electricity right there on the road.

Next morning settled next to a pond, not far from the bathroom and laundry. A beautiful spot. THERE ARE ALLIGATORS—leash your dogs. Use a flashlight when going to the bathroom. This is a lovely park with fitting weather. I stayed three nights, then six nights. Old friends. New friends. A Seminole pow-wow was going on the following weekend in Lake Port, on the shores of giant Lake Okeechobee. Men dancers in feathers and paint. Indian fried bread. A rodeo. Women and children in their multi-colored rick-rack tape on bright skirts and tops. (I went away in a lovely black jacket, with red, orange, yellow and turquoise tape.)



P. MURKETT

I loaded up, hooked up my car and we were off! West to the Gulf Shore. Called a friend in Ft. Meyers to say hello. He wasn't home. In Sarasota another friend. She wasn't home. On to Hudson for the night. I hooked up to Tommy and Mary's house on a canal. We had dinner, brought ourselves up to date on events in our lives.

Next day I headed north. Miles and miles and more miles of horse farms, west of Ocala. Elaborate houses with long stretches of brown fence separating one farm from another. Double fences around the edge—for racing (I thought). Then a sign—ADULT COMMUNITY PARK—then another and another. They are trying to get all the old people of the U.S. to sell out and come to live in this part of Florida! Now and then, a new funeral parlor was being built. See? Everything in one package!

Work on I-75: two hours to go ten miles! Finally got off, over to 41, north again, listening to FOR THE PEOPLE Radio Network. You get UNBIASED news, instead of the watered-down, all-the-same news you get on TV (networks owned by big companies). Chuck Carder, broadcasting from a charming old hotel, The Telford Hotel, in White Springs, Florida, just north of I-10. I wanted to go there. My camper-pulling-Toyota stood in front of the Telford while I went in, signed up for their newsletter, and looked at the fascinatingly important books and tapes for sale. I wandered through the old country hotel. They told me there was a good RV park down the road.

Next morning I left before light, barrelled west on I-10. Easy going. In fact, the whole trip has been uneventful—thank goodness! Stopped by the vet's to get some flea spray "for inside," to get my little mobile home ready for my animals to move in the next day. I think my Alabama-born poodle Max and Yorkipoo Miss Katy were glad to be home. AND SO WAS I!

I avidly read through the local newspaper to find out WHAT GOES ON in my newly acquired state, Alabama. Right now in the news is the account of the 167-vehicle pileup on the fog-shrouded

Bayway, not far from me. Ten drivers unaccounted for. In the same paper is the glowing report, "*Forrest Gump* Sweeps the Oscars." The original author of the book *Forrest Gump* is Winston Gromm, of Alabama. He and his wife Ann Clinton-Groom are building a house down the road from me.

King Cotton's coming back again! Southerners have cotton in their blood. The fluffy white fiber profoundly shaped this region's history for years and years. Then the boll weevil got so bad, and labor was hard to get, so the farmers went into soybeans. Boll weevils are small, egg-shaped bugs that were accidentally imported from Mexico in the 1800s. They feed on the seed pods, causing the cotton to yellow and drop off. Boll weevil traps consist of green bottles on stakes placed near the field; they give off a smell similar to the weevil's food, and a strip inside catches and kills the weevils. When enough boll weevils are caught in traps, the fields are sprayed.

The price of soybeans fell. Cotton is government-subsidized. A cotton gin was established in Loxley in 1992, so the farmers of Baldwin County (my county) have a local market. So now I see fields and fields of cotton. A farmer let me dig up four plants. I planted them along my front fence. If you live in Alabama, you have to raise cotton!

Raising cane—a sticky, but sweet business. "Hez" Hobbs has been making syrup off and on for fifty years in Summerdale (that's my post office). The cane is harvested around Thanksgiving. It takes about ten stalks of cane to make one gallon of juice. Ten gallons of juice make one gallon of syrup. It's a risky business. The secret is watching it. Hez lost his left arm while feeding cane into the mill.

Also around Thanksgiving we have an annual Blessing of the Fields. Ecumenican Ministries sponsors this. After the commercial harvest, farmers allow low-income families to pick the left-over produce. Each person who gleans shares with someone who could not glean.

Strawberries are coming in now. They're planted in October with peak harvest February through March, and May through June. In the South strawberries are uprooted each year, then when the next growing season begins young plants are transplanted from Nova Scotia and places in Canada, sometimes New Hampshire.

Alabama is the top U. S. pot grower, the marijuana capital of the nation in 1994! Authorities destroyed 585,150 outdoor plants—street value, $1.1 billion!

We are also the capital of pecan growers. I was going to plant one; the man told me, "Miss Joan, your sweet self will be in the ground before that tree is big enough to have nuts!"

Last year in my county 1,334 people were involved in the forest products industry, with a payroll of $24.3 million. My park here planted a double row of long-needle pines around the edge four years ago. They were a foot high. Those same trees are now fifteen feet high! Wow!

The canola crop grows well here. It is in demand because the oil has been found to be low in cholesterol.

The county's farmland (some of the best in the world) is shrinking to make way for development (like all the U.S.). People are streaming into southern Alabama—to stay. Building "overnight" restaurants, big stores and bigger hotels, so many new houses along the Eastern Shore and Gulf Shore, with its miles and miles of white sand beaches (twenty-five miles from here).

But when I come home to my little home, barn, and a fenced-in garden in between, my dogs and I sit down, listen to the silence, talk to the cows on the farm next door, and thank God for spring that comes to Alabama the end of March. My azaleas in all kinds of colors, my purple wisteria showing tiny leaves, my lemon tree struggling, my gardenia flourishing... magnolias and palm trees fine, pansies alive right through the winter, tomato plants about sixteen inches high... The exotic plants I brought from the Keys slept in the barn nights (forty-five degrees is too cold) but sunned themselves outside days. Now everything is out.

I am thankful for my "housesitters," who will continue to live in back of my house in their camper. When I leave for Massachusetts, they will care for, and love, my "friends" in my garden.

— Joan Woodard Reed

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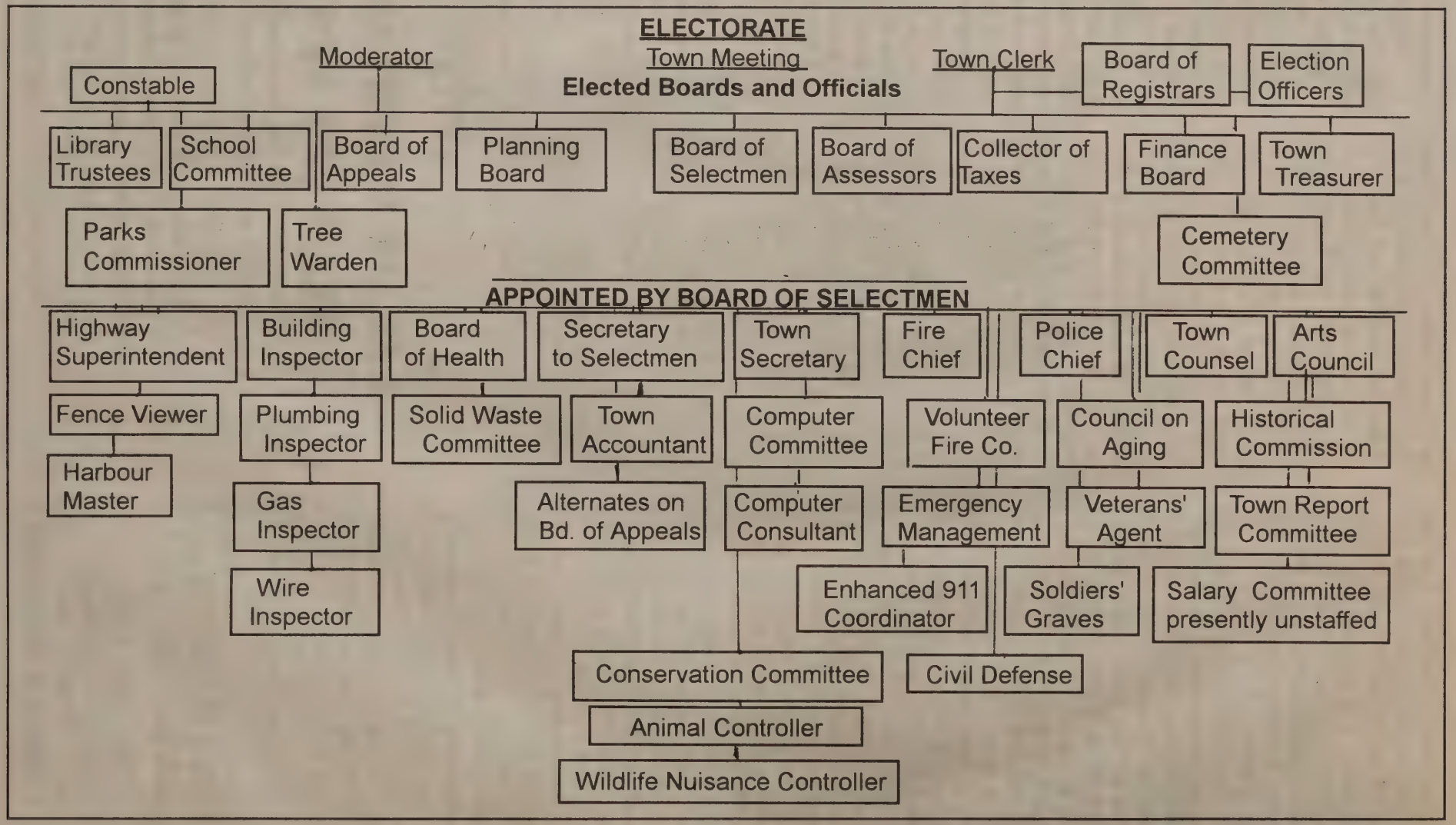
Any citizen interested in serving on a board or committee, or in an individual office, can be considered for nomination or appointment. Attend the meetings of a group whose work interests you. Observing and listening are good ways to become familiar with the job. Your willingness to attend occasional classes or workshops offered by the state makes you especially appealing to the town. Let the nominating committee of your party know of your interest, or, if you're an independent, let either or both parties know. If it's an appointive position that interests you, contact the Select Board. Your involvement, even as an observer, can be supportive to the people working hard in our town government.

— Melvene Dyer-Bennet
Vice-Chair, Monterey Democratic Party.



MAGGIE LEONARD

MONTEREY · BUILT 1750

HODGKINS WRITES HOME

An unsolicited, unedited letter from Massachusetts State Representative Christopher Hodgkins (D).

Cities and towns and school districts were the big winners the week of April 10 as I along with my other colleagues in the House of Representatives kept our promises to increase local aid and education funding.

In terms of the big picture, cities and towns across the Commonwealth are scheduled to receive $45 million in increased distributed lottery monies as the result of the passage of House Bill 5000. While the original budget attached many strings as to how town officials could spend this money, I supported an amendment allowing municipalities to spend it in whatever way suits them best.

As a result, Monterey will be the recipient of a 6.5 percent increase in the money it receives from the state to help maintain the roads, keep the police and fire stations operating and Town government up and running. In addition, several amendments to the budget allocated another $18 million into the local aid fund. While that money has yet to be spread out, Sandisfield stands to gain even more state assistance.

In accordance with our promise for a better education for our children, as dictated by the passage of the Education Reform Act of 1993, I fought to make sure that almost two hundred million extra dollars would be afforded our schools. I supported an amendment which guarantees that the state will pay school districts $75 more aid per pupil. For the Southern Berkshire Regional School District, that translates into an extra $89,500 to help improve the education of students there.

While the budget was passed in the House on April 13, the fight to make sure these monies go where they need to is not yet over. The Senate will be taking up its version sometime this month. I plan to work with my colleagues there to make sure that our cities, towns and school districts come out on top and get what should be coming to them.

— Christopher J. Hodgkins

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DESK

A little bit of my life lies
on my desk. My computer, a summer's work.
Late night gossip with friends at 2400 baud.

An empty mug on the monitor, clouded with
resin from some romantic dinner. Green lettering
on its side, "Senior Prom, Berkshire School

1993." An empty Kroger Ibuprofen bottle, was
for my arm. It hurts a lot now that the
season's started. By it, crimson Swiss with silver blades;

a corkscrew, leather punch, can opener, screw driver,
two sharp blades; the little blade's sharper. In the summer
I whittled sticks, and cut twine on my dad's farm.

It's been so long. Time. Tick, tick
two bands of leather and a tiny clock. Mine
from Valentine's day, the best watch I've ever owned, the best

Valentine. My Love, I pride. Les Tropicales: a tin of candies,
I bought these for us, we kissed with them. The same night
we had a dinner on my floor. Chinese takeout,

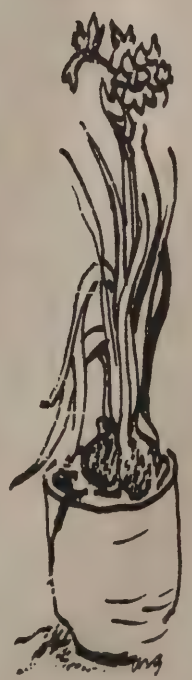
on the box my computer came in. Champagne
glasses, a candle burning slightly, a slender vase
with a single rose. I played Van Morrison.

— Asa Hardcastle

LONGER DAYLIGHT

Each one of us an experiment the Divine makes
like a garden
here corn, there peas, trellises of beans
and cucumbers
morning glories sprawling on the fence
but better
yielding varieties of song
and worse
pulling up taproots as weeds
refusing compost altogether
fist shaking at a moonlit sky
crying, Rain, Rain
until it does
then sobbing, Why? Why?
until at dawn the mirror scraps
hung by threads on the arms of scarecrows
reflect a longer daylight
catch our attention like windchimes
suggest perhaps that we are happy
each one of us like a garden.

— MaryKate Jordan



ON FINDING A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER TAKEN BY LAKE GENEVA, 1934

My God, dear Death!
you were the photographer
that night
taking our measure deftly
as you moved between the coffee cups
and the laughter on the lawn

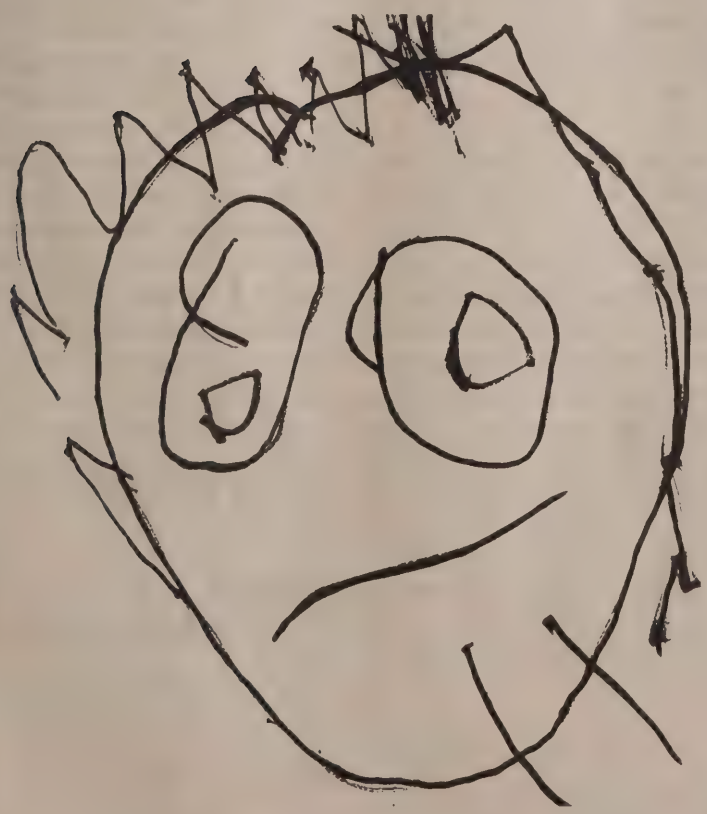
were you her friend?
did you walk with her to the water's edge
and hold her lilacs
and watch the lights go out
across the silks of spring?
did you spare
all little boys in sailor suits
and all little girls with bows in their hair?
and did she touch your arm
and say gently:

please interrupt no picnics tomorrow
speak softly in Italian
while they have their pictures taken!
of course, you did not catch
the paddle wheels of the boat's hushed whispers
or the absurd hearts of the knobby plane trees
or the endless tango music of the dark
it must have been getting late

did she cry out
not tonight, dear!
no, no, not in the hotel!
my daughter sleeps—
only come up with me
and place your smile
between my eyes
before you kiss me
and sweep a great arc of light
before me, to warm me

I must pull all my love in
it must not show
before you develop
the negative.

— A. O. Howell



COWBIRDS IN TODAY'S WORLD: JUDGE NOT

Turn-of-the-century natural history writers, like other writers of that time, were apt to be prudish and moralizing. In writing of birds they would condemn the mourning dove for messy nest-building, praise the Canada goose for a lifetime of faithful monogamy. Blue jays were damned for egg-eating, judged poor musicians, and maybe envied for their good looks. It was a time of innocence and arrogance, when folks looked in the mirror and judged themselves to be better than the jays and doves. (The geese were okay because they were like us.)

I read what people write about birds and other animals these days and I notice a change in tone. It's not that the animals have changed their habits, it's that we are not so sure of ourselves any more. We look at our own nests and they are not tidy, so now we can't condemn the doves with such alacrity. Our own marriages are not so monogamous, so we can't praise the geese. We eat eggs ourselves, of course—we even eat the mothers of eggs. Also we listen to our own musicians and notice a definition of music so much broader than it used to be that we cannot judge the blue jay's "tea-kettle" song, or even his raucous squawks. We hardly dare do more than observe and cautiously praise our fellow living creatures. We are eating the humble-pie of political correctness every direction we turn because our own world of humankind is such a mess that we know for sure we live in glass houses, every one of us.

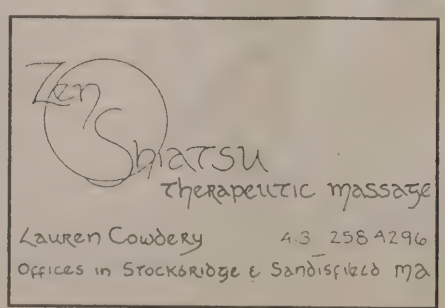
One gorgeous creature who has been much maligned for acts indecent and immoral is the cowbird. If you didn't know this before, I will whisper in your ear that the cowbird spends her mornings skulking through the bushes waiting her chance to lay eggs in the nests of other birds. She drops in an off-white, spotty egg and then dashes off for the rest of the day, free of the cares and confines of incubation and rearing babies.

Cutaway view of a five-storey yellow warbler nest showing eight cowbird eggs. The warbler tried four times to build a new nest over the foreign egg. (After a photograph by W. V. Crich.)

Early writers did not go so far as to condemn the cowbird for avoiding the the joys and drudgery of motherhood. We all know how welcome is a little help in child-rearing, a little time off. Didn't we invent compulsory schooling so we could get about adult business for some of our waking hours? We want the children to be well-cared for, just not necessarily by us all the time.

What upset the moralizers about the cowbirds' system was that it cost the host birds and their families so much. Mostly the cowbirds put their eggs in the nests of birds smaller than they are, with eggs smaller than those of the cowbirds. Sometimes the cowbird pierces the host birds' egg or eggs so that they never hatch. But even if she leaves them alone, they may not compete successfully with her own eggs. For one thing, being smaller, they won't get as much heat from the incubating host parent so they won't hatch as soon. The young foundling hatches first and cries to be fed. The host parent responds, and the cowbird baby gets a head start over its adoptive siblings. The bigger baby continues to squawk louder and to get fed more and sometimes the little host babies don't survive. Some species of small songbirds and warblers are declining in these parts and the cowbirds get the blame for infant mortality of, for instance, the Kirtland's warbler.

There are more than 200 species of birds which have had their nests "parasitized" by cowbirds. Of these, 144 species have been successfully parasitized, meaning they have raised cowbird babies to maturity. This means the others for some reason managed not to raise up the cowbirds. In the case of robins and catbirds, the cowbird eggs are recognized and thrown out of the nest, nearly every time. In the case of the ferruginous hawk and the herring gull, the cowbird eggs were probably too small to stay warm during incubation.



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What is it about the cowbird's evolution or life history which accounts for this unusual system of child-rearing? Probably it was the years of following the great herds of buffalo across the plains. In those days the birds were known as "buffalo birds." They rode the broad backs of the bison, sometimes eating ticks and other parasites but probably more often hopping down to grab insects that were stirred up by the big animals' passing across the grasslands. Theirs was a nomadic life with no time to settle, build a nest, raise babies. So they developed keen powers of nest-searching instead, also the ability to lay an egg in just a few seconds, instead of several minutes or even an hour, which is how long it can take the nesting birds.

Now that the buffalo are gone, maybe the cowbird will eventually revert to nest-building, but it seems unlikely. It's hard to imagine an evolutionary pressure which would cause them to give up such a good thing, or should I say, such a successful thing. Meanwhile, the nature writers have adapted to neutral observation and cautious praises of the cowbird's good looks. I like the way they look, too, the males with their golden-brown hoods and iridescent black bodies, and the females with their perfect dusky camouflage coloring, good for skulking. I know I should be relieved that the days of rampant anthropocentric nature writing are over, but for some reason it makes me a little sad. I see the male cowbird displaying to his reflection in our kitchen window, showing off, making himself into the greatest thing that ever lived, and I feel a little jealous. I hope he never wakes up and realizes he is a murdering home-wrecker and opportunistic social parasite. It will take all the yahoo right out of his song.

— Bonner J. McAllester

WILDLIFE SURVEY

Mammals

Bears have been out of hibernation since early April, and they're hungry. Dale Duryea has had several calls about raids on bird feeders: one was right on the deck of the Snyders' house at Gould Farm. Call Dale if you need help with anti-bear measures. If bears don't smell food they won't come, but will stay in the woods for their usual, if less tempting, fare. Sanjiban Sellew came upon four good-sized (200-lb.?) black bears in the evening on April 23 off the New Marlborough Road. As the four ran from his van, one of them started twice to climb a tree, but each time changed her mind, and loped away with the others. Upright at the tree the bear was "five or six feet tall."

This is the time young beavers start new dams on their own. They were out early during some of this spring's false starts, but now they are in earnest. An enterprising new pond can be seen south of Route 23 between Butternut and Great Barrington. Wayne Dunlop saw a woodchuck under his car at Rawson Brook Farm a month ago. David McAllester saw an agile squirrel run under a moving car, do a somersault, cling to the bottom of the car and then get away safely. On April 6 he and Bonner saw a weasel start across Monument Valley Road, think better of it, and double back to the quiet woods.

Birds

This is the big news for mid-April. Wood ducks are back: one in the Banners' pond on Griswold Road in late March and a pair in the McAllester pond at the east end of town, April 11. David McAllester saw forty robins on a lawn in Tyringham and twenty-one in his own yard April 26. Woodcocks, tree swallows, bluebirds, flickers, fox sparrows are around. Barbara Tryon had an unusually large flock of cowbirds come through at Lowland Farm, and tufted titmice on her feeder after seeing none there all winter.

Loul McIntosh wrote April 12, from Gould Farm: "Everybody will tell you about the early robins, red-winged blackbirds, cowbirds. There's a pileated woodpecker that insists on flying across Route 23. And there were some fifty red-tailed hawks the other day circling on the updrafts of Monument Mountain. Magnificent! The mallard duck pair came back to the pond, as usual, but recently I have seen only the male... The gulls are patrolling the newly ploughed fields."

Amphibians and Annelids

From Loul: "Life in the pond seems minimal: I saw two small fish and one salamander. The hundreds of pollywogs from the big bullfrogs are nonexistent (see article in the April *Scientific American* on the disappearance of amphibians, worldwide)." She adds, April 15: "There

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is a small pond in the woods inhabited by small frogs, about 2". There used to be hundreds. I did hear them, mostly in marshy areas at the outside of the pond, generally much fewer in numbers than in the past."

Spring peepers were singing lustily at the east end of Lake Garfield on April 20. There was a migration of spotted salamanders on the rainy night of April 6. On They were crossing Monument Mountain Road by the dozen, slowly, in the cold rain, dreadfully vulnerable to cars. There seemed to be a migration of earthworms in the Forbes' yard in mid-April: the ground was seething with them in numbers they had never seen before.

Insects

Not so welcome, but here they are: blackflies are back. The first few are in evidence, showing little sign of the voracity for which they are so infamous. But of course the bluebirds and warblers are attracted to the Berkshires because of our rich fare of insects.

Plants

The news is how late the spring flowers are. Everything is waiting for those two or three really warm days due any time now. The sturdy coltsfoot, looking like dandelions without the leaves, are filling in for all the rest. They've been standing for the last month, tightly furled, along the roadsides and in other damp places, opening up whenever the sun did. The bloodroot are doing the same thing: the advance guard are standing in white bud, but it is only in the last few days that they have been ready to open.

Susan LePrevost reports first violets, the "Confederates," white with a blue center, as of mid-April; the little wild yellow ones are out on the McAllester-Baker hillside, and bluets are blooming in sheltered places in the Monterey meadows. Where there is lots of sun, mayflowers are blooming, but in shady places they don't even have visible buds yet. The whole plant world is poised for full-ahead by our next report.

— David P. McAllester

CONTRIBUTORS

The mailbox has been stuffed! Thanks to all of you who read the *News* and show your appreciation by providing funds to keep us going. Particularly, this month, we thank

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MONTEREY PROFILES

Keith Snow

The new minister at the Monterey United Church of Christ is Keith Snow, a tall, friendly, relaxed man who was born in England fifty-eight years ago. His parents had moved to the United States and were living in the Adirondacks, but Keith's mother was still British enough to feel that her son should be born in the home country, and returned for the event. Keith's cousins are mostly in England, but his older brother is minister of the United Methodist Church in Simsbury, and his father, now ninety-four, lives in a retirement village in Shelton, Connecticut.

Keith's family is rich in ministerial interest: his grandfather was a Methodist lay-minister, and his father was a Methodist minister in the Adirondacks (and for seven years in Pittsfield!). Keith was minister mostly recently in Fisher's Hill, Virginia, in a German Reformed branch of the United Church of Christ. He went to Drew University and then to seminary at Duke University. He describes himself as "eclectic" theologically, meaning that he is as ready to learn as he is to teach among his fellow human beings.

MAGGIE LEONARD

Keith Snow, Pastor
Monterey United Church of Christ

Lately he has been learning from his daughters, Meredith, 27, and Shannon, 23. Neither of them has a formal religious affiliation, and they have been teaching their father the joys of camping and hiking in the great outdoors. Much of this has taken place in the Southwest at Chaco Canyon, Canyon de Chelly, Hovenweep, and other spectacular places. Meredith will soon complete an MA in Art Therapy at New York University, and hopes to find a job in New York City working with behaviorally disturbed children. She has spent a year in the Jesuit Volunteer Corps doing this kind of valuable service with adolescents. Shannon graduated a year ago from American University in Washington, D. C., and is now looking about to see where her interests take her.

When asked about his future here, Keith replied, "I'm here to learn: I want to be a growing person, in a growing community, and share what gifts I have." He sees the pressing need for love and compassion in a world where contention seems to be on the increase everywhere. "As Christians we should set an example that can help to heal this strife-torn time in human history."

He speaks of himself as being more and more excited by the prospect of new things to learn and new things to do. He sees Monterey as a fine place in which to develop his membership in the human family. We all stand to gain much from this quiet, articulate man.

— David P. McAllester

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TALES FROM TEXAS

There must be bone deep in all the sons of Adam a desire to own a place in the country with cattle and maybe a horse to ride after the sleek and increasing herd.

— Lewis Nordyke, *The Great Roundup*

Cowboys

Somebody (I can't remember who) in one of the many books I've read about Texas said, suggestively, that, "The first cowboys were Indians." I assume this cunning twist of thought refers to the indigenous people of Mexico who in fact were the first to gather and exploit the herds of wild cattle brought there by the Spaniards during their early exploration and conquests. I recently attended a Ranching Heritage Festival in Kingsville, Texas, where high tribute was paid to Mexican ranchers and their vaqueros, from whom many of the skills and practically all of the vocabulary of cowboy paraphernalia were derived. For instance, *la reata*, rope, became lariat; *vaquero* turned into buckeroo; *chaparreras* are chaps; and *darla vuelta*, to give a turn, became dally, to wrap a rope around your saddle horn, or any sturdy vertical thing.

J. Frank Dobie in *Longhorns* says that, after the establishment of the Republic of Texas in 1836, "bold, adventurous and not at all squeamish-stomached Texans began raiding Mexican-held ranges. The raiders were nearly all young men, mostly out of that nondescript, ununiformed, undisciplined, self-willed, ready-to-die aggregation of game-spirited recruits from the States and from home-defending settlers making up the Texas army. They were called 'cowboys.'"

During the brief but profoundly dramatic era of the great cattle drives, which took place during a scant thirty years between the end of the Civil War to about 1890, the cowboy persona was developed and (with help from Hollywood) etched forever on the world's consciousness. In 1964-65 I spent a year studying in England and travelling in Europe and, invariably, when I told anyone I came from Texas, the response was, "Ah (or *Oui* or *Si*), Cowboys!"

Although occasionally I have been led unsuspectingly into the sports pages when following a headline promising news of "Cowboys Today," I have found that the original cowboy is alive and well and still "game spirited." Big cattle ranches in full operation still sprawl across Texas, among them the King Ranch, one million acres; the XT Ranch, three million acres; and the Pitchfork Ranch, 163,000 acres, which claims never to have produced income out of any commodity other than cattle. Even though the work on these ranches is augmented by advanced technology such as helicopters, four wheelers and automatic feeders, there are also men (and women!) there, wearing hats and boots and chaps, riding muscled-up cow ponies and sleeping under the stars.

ELLEN PEARSON

Tommy Evans, ready to sort calves.

Hallmarks of cowboy culture embellish Texas life in great diversity and abundance. Manifestations range from the basic stuff to the exorbitant frill. There is the music which once soothed the longhorns on the long trail north, and there are the dances the cowboys danced when they got to town. There are a million tall tales and some very wooden poetry. At Cody's, a glitzy CW honky tonk in Waco, young Texans in skin-tight jeans do dizzying turns to canned country songs while oversized TV monitors show bull riders being jerked around and thrown in the air in endlessly horrifying variation. At venerable old dancehalls like Melody Ranch in Waco and the Broken Spoke in Austin, middle and late-aged couples glide through round after round of seamless two-step, waltz, and sedate polka. There are rodeos, cutting horse futurities, and fat stock shows everywhere you look. And there are "Cowboy Gatherings," which showcase the traditional skills and equipment of cattlemen and their hands. It was at one of these that I first saw handmade spurs and handbraided horsehair ropes. The workmanship was exquisite, and the prices were excruciating. At another Gathering I saw rawhide braiding demonstrations, beer tab art, a Cow Camp Cookoff, and Ranch Rodeo events, including wild cow milking and women backing trailers. The more I see, the more I wonder whether there is any other subculture in America, especially considering that its heyday was over 100 years ago, whose conventions are so alive and so elaborated as those of the Cowboy. As Dobie (I think it was Dobie) said, "There are no Easterns."

Compared with the stuff shown at Cowboy Gatherings, the horse gear that shows up at K Bar roundups is simple but carefully maintained. After our Fall Roundup, the cowhands gathered around the fancy saddle my grandfather had bought for me forty years ago, and Glen Weber said, "Lookee here at this saddle! It's got a Little Flower Tree and a Floral Stamp. This is an heirloom, Ellen. You better take care of this saddle." Glen's saddle is perfectly plain, but the leather is soft as butter. Long ago his grandfather taught him to braid rope, and about fifteen years ago he braided himself some halters out of old lariat rope which are still intact and useable today.

Glen is a skillful and thrifty cattleman. After trapping and shooting coyotes for years, he switched from Shorthorn cattle to a grade mix with formidable horns. Now he never worries about

predators attacking his calves. A herd of goats protected by guard dogs keeps brush down on his pastures. He works his first-year heifers on horseback with the help of a big black dog named "Speck," half Lab/half Red Bone, which somehow turned into a cow dog without any conscious effort on the part of his master. Speck responds to Glen's command, "Git her!" by jumping at a cow's nose and then, heifer in hot pursuit, running into the corral, where Glen deftly pens the cow.

I ride along in Glen's faded blue pickup truck during his weekly cattle checks. I rest my feet on a worn pair of chaps, folded neatly on the floor. There are two reptilian bullwhips twisted around themselves on the dash, resting heavily on a sheaf of old auction invoices and other papers from which Glen selects scraps to tally his stock. There are ropes behind the seat, a fence tool on the left-hand dash, and a bungie cord hanging from the left visor. Glen puts the truck in low gear, aims for a clear shot through the cactus, hooks the bungie cord to the steering wheel, hops out, mounts the step beside the truck's bed, and from there doles out hay or minerals to his herd. I am supposed to watch for and steer around obstacles, but more than once we have crashed through a prickly pear or mowed down a cedar tree as I attend to a video sequence or photograph. When we come to a gate, Glen shifts into neutral and gets out to open it. If the truck rolls forward, he strides back, stomps on the emergency brake and shouts, "Whoa, Blue!" I drive through and wait for Glen to close it. Once I let the clutch out too fast and the truck jumped. I said, "Did you see how Blue tried to buck me?" Glen said, "Yeah, and I saw you puttin' the spurs to 'im!"

— Miss El

ELLEN PEARSON

STILL TALKIN'

(The last words in our discussion of Texas phraseology.)

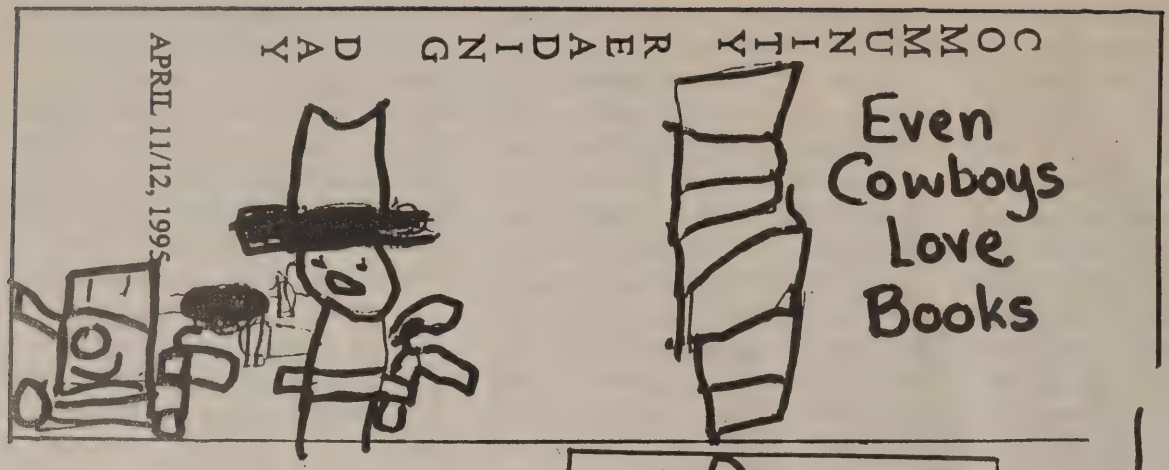
Glen Weber, moonfaced and weather-worn, is a cattleman who leases grazing rights on the K Bar. When something pleases Glen, he squinches his eyes, brings his hands together in soundless claps, and says, "Oooo-ooo." One day we went over to see his mules and equipment. I was eyeing an old wagon with obvious desire, and Glen said, "I know you, girl. You'd have those green horses hooked up to my wagon before the sun sets tonight. So I'm not going to borrow it to ye!" As we were snapping dozens of pictures of the mules, Glen's Daddy said, "Don't take all the looks off those mules. Leave some looks on 'em." Glen says "politely" when he means "deliberately." ("So we politely went over and brought those cattle back on our side of the fence!") Yesterday Glen told me our east nanny goat pasture was "so poor you cain't even raise a racket in it."

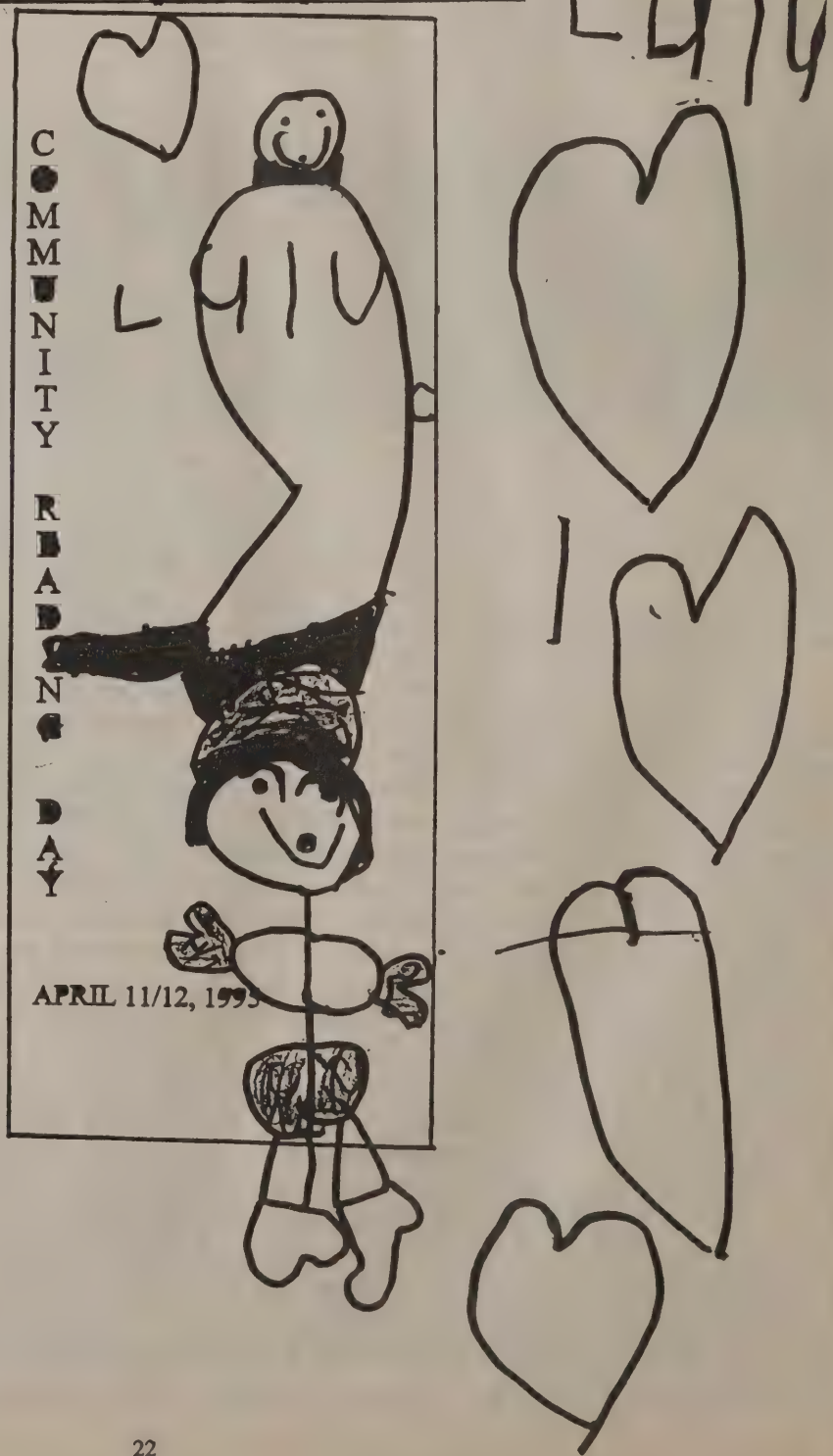
Among the many who avail themselves, Glen makes especially practiced use of the word "done." After nearly getting stuck in a wet spot in the northwest pasture: "We're going to drive out a different way, Ellen. I done been there once, and I'm not going there again." Of a bull who apparently jumped two fences to get to the neighbor's cows: "We'll never know how he done it. All we know is he done it."

As diligently as I have searched through dictionary and thesaurus for an elucidation of the happy and ubiquitous use of the "done" in rural dialect, I have not come up with a satisfactory answer. By my listening, the word seems to give emphasis or finality to a statement, kind of like "What's done is done" (except that Texans would say, "What's done is done done."). I've done given up trying to pin it down any further.

I have also been investigating the word "sook," as in "sook up your cattle," but got no further than the unabridged dictionary's unduly restrained definition: "a call for cattle and hogs." I asked Glen what "sook" means, and he said, "I don't know. People say, 'Sooo, Piggy, Piggy,' but I don't know why." When Glen sooks up his cattle, he utters a high-pitched wail, and they all come running. I'm sure Glen's opinion of my quest for origins and derivations of Texas words is the same as that of the storekeeper who expressed disdain for a man whose name came up while Brian was buying a Dr. Pepper the other day:

"A feller like him might fetch top dollar at an auction, but he's a mite too *paticky* for me to take a shine to."





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MONTEREY GRANGE

The Monterey Grange No. 291 met on April 5. State Grange scholarships and loans were outlined, and there was a fund-raiser. An Easter program concluded the evening.

Members are working on the Grange Week display for the Post Office, about recycling. It will include items made of recycled articles, and may be seen April 24 through April 29.

At the meeting on April 19, sister Eleanor Kimberley and her committee were in charge of the conservation program. There was a seed, plant, and bulb exchange. Susan Sellew Dunlop presented an informative and interesting talk on goat farming and cheese making.

Several members are planning to attend an awards program at the Grange in Granby, Connecticut April 20. The next meeting of the Monterey Grange will be held May 3, when Deputy Robert Peck from Pittsfield will make his official visitation.

— Fraternally,
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

THE OBSERVER - MARCH

The average temperature this March was 4.8° warmer than the regional norm, and one degree cooler than the average for the month last year in Monterey. Last year, a bitter cold winter with mountainous snowfall; this winter, a mild, dreary mess. March the leveler.

High temp (3/16)	64°
Low temp. (3/10	7°
Wind-chilled low temp. (3/2)	-11°
Avg. high temp.	47°
Avg. low temp.	27°
Avg. temp.	37°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	32.2°
Precip. occ.	12 days
Total precip.	3.28" rain
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	3.31"
High bar. press. (3/12)	30.50"
Low bar. press. (3/22)	29.38"
High humidity (3/2)	100%
Low humidity (3/11)	36%
Avg. wind speed	2.33 mph
High wind gust (3/9)	35 mph

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Fever Report

I drove up from Great Barrington through a cold, slanting April rain before daylight savings. The woods close by looked bleached and spent: vertical grey tree trunks, mottled grey and tan leaves on the ground. I drove slowly, taking frequent sidelong glances through the bare trees hoping to see something unexpected—an overgrown roadway, or a bear, perhaps. Instead, the CHECK ENGINE light winked at me from the dash and every slight deceleration of the truck produced aggravating bucks and lurches. The only immediate cure was to go faster, which made looking deep into the open spring woods for visual treats problematic or impossible.

I arrived home low in the five o'clock trough, weary but not smoldering, which was good because my dog Raoul was riding with me. He cannot abide a temper tantrum. (If I so much as mutter under my breath—let alone throw some piece of ruined work across the shop—he cowers. I have to stop and reassure him, pat his head, rough up his fur, and thump his chest until his tail whacks the floor and I can get back to being mad.) The moment we stopped he wedged his head between my legs and the steering column, poised to tumble out as soon as I opened my door. I let him out and gathered up my stuff: leather bag, the mail (mostly slick catalogs that had shot between the seat and the passenger-side door during a left turn in town hours before), a drill, a measuring tape, a small bag of screws and wall fasteners, a half gallon of milk, an empty paper coffee cup, a net of juice oranges. I reached into the back for some of these things, twisting myself around on the seat to put my head through the cap window. Backing out again I hit my chin and bit my tongue. Luckily, Raoul was off marking out the bounds of our place. I got out of the truck with all the stuff in my arms except the mail against the passenger-side door. I would come back for that. I wasn't up the steps before the net holding the oranges ripped open and they rolled in every direction. I continued into the house, set everything on the counter and went back out. I knew a smart person would use a bag or basket to pick up the oranges, but I was no longer in a mood to be smart; I was starting to smolder. I cradled the oranges in my arm and went back for the mail, but the passenger-side door was locked (which I frequently forget, since I rarely lock the truck when Raoul is with me), so I walked around to the other side in the slashing rain and unlocked the door, leaving the oranges on the seat. When I opened the passenger-side door the mail fell out into a puddle.

Eventually I got everything in, kitchen lights on, wet clothes off, and the hungry dog fed, who was none the wiser to any fit I might have thrown realizing these accomplishments.

I pictured spring: I'm lying down outdoors with the warm sun on my face. Then I thought, This *is* spring.

It snowed on a Saturday in April. My son Riley (he is six) and I went outside and rolled up two giant snowballs layered with acorns, dry grass, leaves, and gravel, which we pushed to the corners of the driveway by the road. From upstairs we saw wobbly tracks through the snow all over the yard. It took about five days for them to melt into small patches of their dry components.

I wandered off auto alley on Route 7 in Great Barrington and walked along the Housatonic River. The sun was low in the sky, the air warm. I watched geese, ducks, and muskrats (?) going about their business on the river while inaudible traffic ghosted along in the near distance and red-winged blackbirds sang.

In the changing room the talk among the hard-core ice hockey players focused on the dangers of roller-blade hockey. How you gonna stop? You got pads? Many had been on roller-blades, yet never played the sport in a rink; no one wanted to get hurt. Once the game got underway, everyone was surprised by how manageable it was.

We wore tee shirts, and the shutters were open to the fading evening light. The blades made a soft, whirring sound as unlike the echo and slash of skating on ice as a sound can be. Players cut tight circles around the action where on skates they would stop short and turn sharply. Rock and roll from a boom box infused the evening air with the promise of summer. Rollerblades, it turns out, kick up a fine black dust off the asphalt. It floated in the air and settled on surfaces. As can-do, health-conscious athletes, we will solve this problem in time, but this was a new season and sport, and for the moment the play was all.

— Peter Murkett

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A Foolish Letter

April 8, 1995

To the Editor:

We are so glad that Monterey has at last gotten with it, and that the town fathers are ready to bend every regulation so that we will not lose this marvelous opportunity for development. This is what we've all been waiting for!

In order to spread the good news we'd like to send copies of the April *News* to our children. Now they'll see why we love Monterey so.

I am enclosing a $10 check hoping that you will have three extra copies to mail us.

— Yours for revenue,
Alice Allen

P.S. Sorry to read about the Loch Monterey monster. My grandchildren told me last summer that at least one monster had been after them in swimming, so now we know the truth. Maybe this will induce Lake residents to lobby for the return of automatic, military-style machine guns so we can keep Lake Garfield free and defend our rights as citizens.

— Dean Allen

Personal Notes from Afar

April 12, 1995

To the Editor:

I am thankful that the *Monterey News* continues to be the wonderful publication that I remember from the "old days." I continue to look forward to getting it, almost like I did when I lived in Monterey (1970-81).

And even though I enjoy reading about the milestones reached by present Montereyans, I wonder whether you would consider a column (or include us in the regular column) of people who are Montereyans at heart—former residents who carry Monterey with them, even though their furniture may reside somewhere else.

For instance, my son Casey, who was born in Monterey nearly nineteen years ago, is completing his first year at the University of Vermont in Burlington, studying photography and natural resources (among other courses; I envision him the next *National Geographic* photographer dedicated to saving the environment!).

I enclose my contribution to the cause—and wish everyone the best for a superb new season! I'm looking forward to seeing Monterey in the spring!

— Sharon Steinberg

We don't distinguish—past and present Montereyans alike are welcome to record their personal news in the News *by writing or calling Stephanie Grotz. —Ed.*

Incumbents' Accomplishments

April 21, 1995

To the Editor:

In 1965 I was elected to the Finance Committee and began a three-decade education in the complexities and perversities of Town finance. Strange names of funds were matched to very targeted areas of application. Each fund seemed to have its own criteria for use, and when the state formula for its gathering and dispersal changed in deference to political expediencies, constant adjustments were necessary on the Town's part.

It became clear that the financial basis of the Town's government was the lifeline of the community. It was the fuel for continuity and progress. This financial lifeline was drawn from three areas: 1) the assigning of the tax bill and justifying to the state our expectations of income and expenditure (the Assessors); 2) the prompt and continuous collecting of the assigned tax bills (the Tax Collector); 3) the safe harboring of all funds and careful allocation of operating expenses (the Accountant and Treasurer). These three segments must work together reciprocally and in harmony, but ever alert to change, so that the Town's lifeline pulses along. There are instances in our recent past when one element, such as the Treasurer, was out of synch for one reason or another. The result was disastrous breakdown. For the past decade, during which time Maryellen Brown has been the Treasurer, reliable strength and harmony has been restored to our financial base. I, personally, fear that inserting a new individual, no matter how well-intentioned, would destroy our financial equilibrium or, at the very least, interrupt it for a considerable length of time.

Monterey's financial well-being is known to other towns, as well as to the state, which has asked our current Treasurer to assist other town treasurers who might benefit from her experience. Why in the world should the good people of Monterey consider changing even one participant in such a healthy and admired organization?

Is it crazy, or what!

— Sincerely,
Cynthia J. Weber

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PERSONAL NOTES

Murphy's Law hit the typist, and the following notes did not reach the pages of our April issue. Here they are; my apologies to all who expected to see their news last month!

— Eileen Clawson

April

Our congratulations to **David** and **Beth Ziegler** on the birth of their daughter! **Rae-Anne Lynde** arrived February 22 weighing in at 8 lbs. 4-1/2 oz., and joins proud big brother Jamie at home. Elated grandparents are Walter and Judy Parks of Main Road.

Best wishes to **Dick Tryon**, who seems almost ready to tackle square dancing after his recent hip replacement!

Our best wishes also to **Art Funk**, who is recovering nicely, we hear, from recent surgery at Fairview Hospital.

A speedy recovery to **Karl Quisenberry**, who is recovering from open heart surgery which successfully repaired a severely failing mitral valve.

Very happy birthday wishes to **Maynard Forbes** and **Wendy Tryon** on April 2, to **Eric Pedersen** on April 4, to **Karl Quisenberry** and **Siobhanne Pope** on April 5, to **Bonnie Cox** on April 8, to **Don Coburn** on April 18, to **Cody Thorpe** on April 24, to **Richard Westenberg** on April 26, and to **Grace Burke** on April 29.

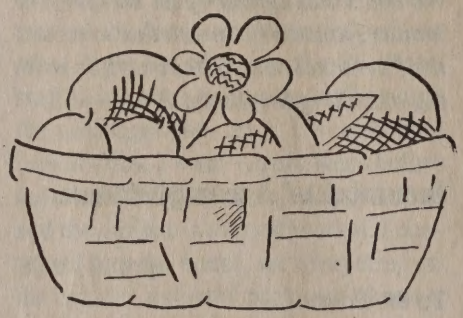
And very happy anniversary to **Maynard** and **Gale Forbes** on April 5.

May

Congratulations to **Brian** and **Paula Snyder** on the birth of their baby girl, **Kayla Marie**, born at Fairview Hospital on February 27. Kayla joins her delighted and "helpful" big sister, Kerry, 2, at home at Gould Farm.

We're glad to hear that **Walter Andersen** is resting comfortably at home on Beartown Road after recent surgery. We wish him a speedy receovery!

We received a nice update from **Bill** and **Jeanne Zad** in Vero Beach, Florida. Due to ill health, they were unable to be in Monterey last summer except for a brief stay, and they truly missed it. They also missed the cruise they had planned for their forty-fifth wedding anniversary, as in the fall Bill faced a double angioplasty. We're happy to report that they were at last able to take that cruise this spring to celebrate not only their forty-sixth anniversary, but many things. Their cruise aboard the *Zenith*, "a floating palace," was just delightful. Upon their return to Fort Lauderdale, they had a wonderful surprise meeting and lunch with **Dan** and **Giorgiana Escher** of Stevens Lake, as well as a nice visit with



George McVey of Lake Garfield. Back in Vero, both Bill and Jeanne faced cataract surgery, but expect to be well enough to return to Monterey in May. We certainly wish them both well, and look forward to seeing them soon!

Hats off to **Anna Duryea** of Main Road, who won the women's single competition, with 268, at the forty-seventh annual Rotary Tri-State Bowling Tournament held at the Cove Lanes in Great Barrington weekends from February 18 to March 5. Duryea Wildlife also took first place in the women's team category. Great job! Anna adds that she bowled her first 700 in December.

Kudos for **William Conklin** and **Kathryn Kopetchny**, two of nineteen new members inducted into the Auriga Chapter of the National Honor Society at ceremonies held on April 11 at Mt. Everett Regional High School in Sheffield.

On March 8 husband **Stefan and I** left for Europe to spend a delightful three weeks travelling by train in Germany and Italy. I will spare you a detailed travelogue—suffice it to say it was simply a dream trip that included a visit with Dartmouth daughter **Tasha**, who had been studying in Berlin since early January.

Very happy birthday wishes to **Cora Jay Baker** on May 3, to **Douglas Brown** on May 6, to **Eoin Higgins** on May 8, to **Tarsi Dunlop** and **Nicole Stein** on May 9, to **Deirdre Higgins, Isaiah Gottlieb-Schulze** and **Tess Dunlop** on May 22, and to **Alexandra Newman** on May 29. Happy anniversary wishes to **Ernie** and **Mary Heath** on May 3, to **Bill** and **Jeanne Zad** on May 7, and to **Alf** and **Lena Pedersen** on May 22.

Your contributions are appreciated! Please continue to share news tidbits, birthdays, etc. Just give me a call at 528-4519, or jot items down and drop them in the mail to me, Route 23. Thanks so much!

— Stephanie Grotz

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CALENDAR

Wednesday, May 3 Meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall.

Thursday, May 4 Parks Commission Meeting, 7 p.m. at the Town Hall. (Discussion of proposed rollerblade/skateboard ramp.)

Saturday, May 6 Annual Town Meeting, 9 a.m. (one hour earlier than usual) at the firehouse, Main Road.

Sundays, May 7, 14, 21, 28 AA meetings, 9 a.m., Monterey Firehouse, Main Road.

Sunday, May 7

Montereyans invited to tea at Main House, Gould Farm, 4 p.m.

Bach B Minor Mass performed under direction of Robert Blafield, 4 p.m. at St. James Church, Great Barrington. Admission, $15. Information, 413-243-2658. (See story, page 4.)

Tuesday, May 16 Free blood pressure clinic, 9–10:30 a.m. in the basement room of the town offices, Main Road.

Wednesday, May 17 Meeting of the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District, 7 p.m. in the church basement.

Thursday, May 18 Nursing foot clinic, Town Hall, basement level, 9 a.m.–12 noon. Fee, $20. App'tmts, 528-5994.

Please join us for tea in the Main House at Gould Farm the first Sunday of each month at 4pm.

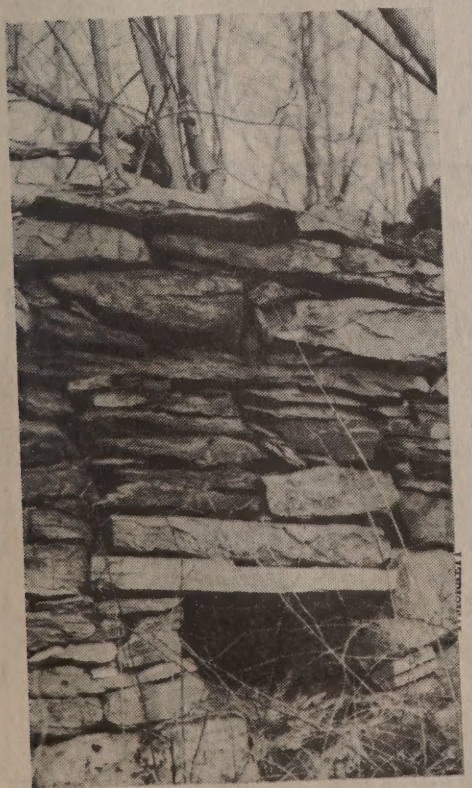
Saturday, May 27 Square and contradance at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, 8:30–11:30 p.m. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Joe Baker. All dances taught, beginners and children welcome. Refreshments. Adults $5, children $2. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

Monday, May 29 Memorial Day Parade, 1 p.m., town center.

Saturday, June 10 Tag Sale sponsored by the Monterey Fire Company, 8 a.m.-2 p.m. at the pavilion behind the firehouse. Information, 413-528-4437.

Saturday, June 17 Dedication of the Diane Rausch Memorial Trail and Bridge, 1:30 p.m. at the bridge, which crosses the Konkapot River just east of Curtis Road.

Saturday, June 24 First meeting of the season, Lake Garfield Association, 10 a.m. at the firehouse, Main Road.



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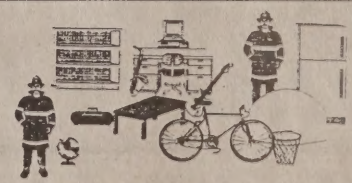

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We invite readers to submit letters, news items, opinions, stories, poetry, drawings, and photographs. Please send submissions by the fifteenth of the month before publication, addressed to the attention of the Editor.

Send any change of address, or initial request to receive the *News* by mail to Susan LePrevost, Business Manager.

Address your request for advertising rates and information to the Editor. For further information, telephone the Editor at 413-528-3454 evenings, or 528-9937 days.

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Contributions from local artists this month: Sudi Baker, p. 4; Maureen Banner, p. 14; Rebecca Childs, p. 2; Tim Conn, p.22 (horizontal); Erika Crofut, pp. 7, 9, 14, 17, 26; Colm Higgins, p. 5 (vertical); Bonner McAllester, p. 16; Lizzie Meier (age 3 1/2), p.15; Claire Mielke, p. 5 (horizontal); Peter Sachs, p. 6; Lulu Strattner, p. 22.

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